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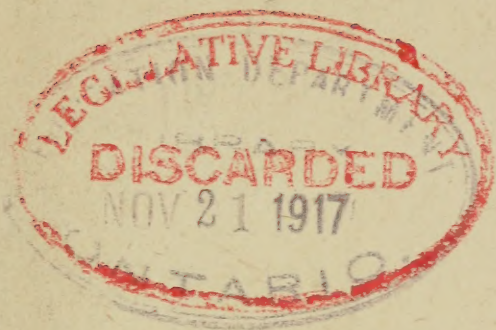
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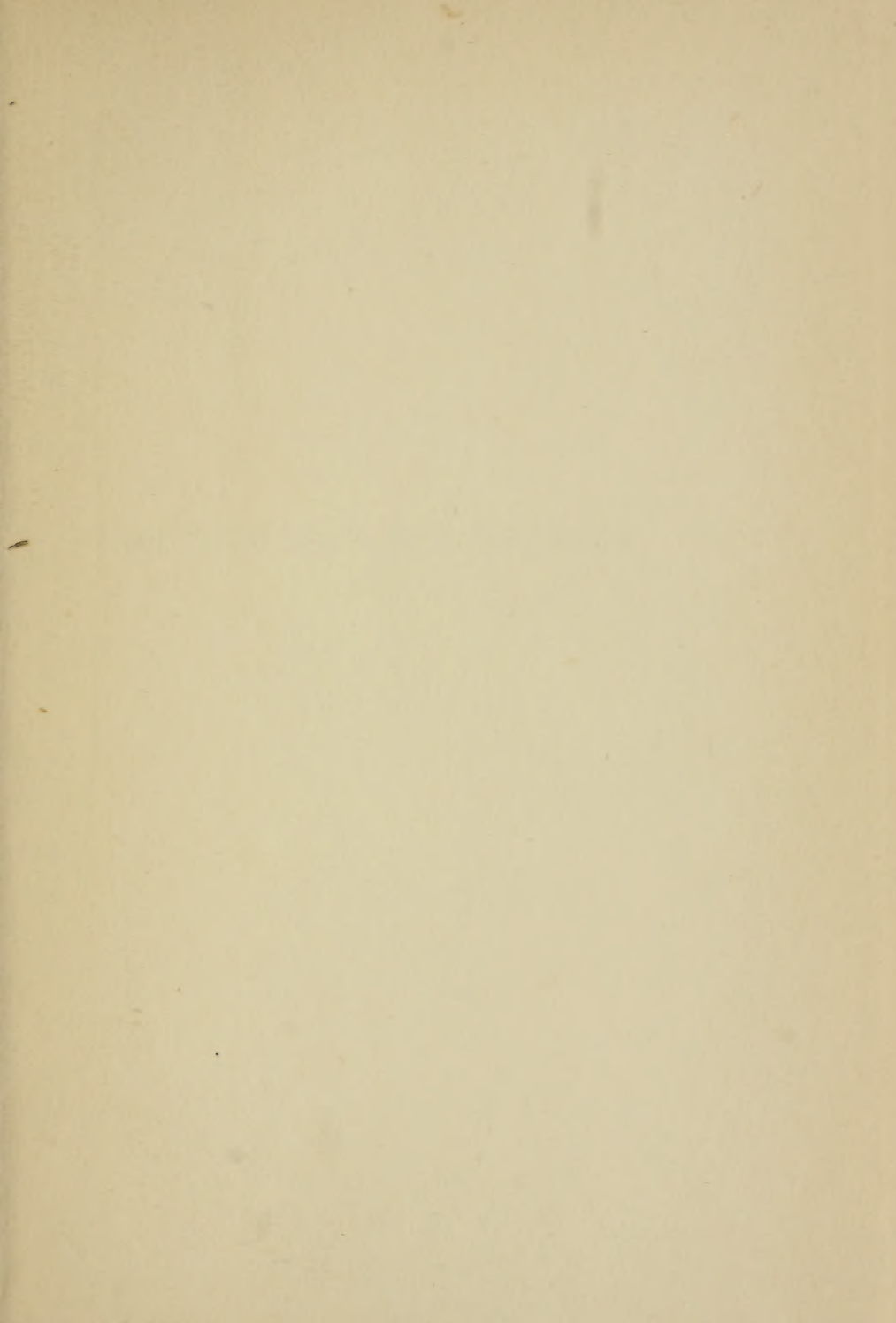
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THE DON AND THE DERVISH



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THE
DON AND THE DERVISH

A BOOK OF VERSE



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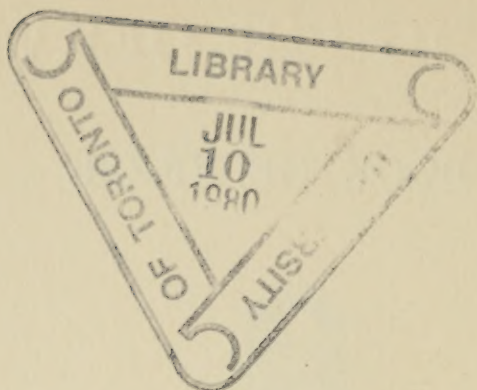
BY REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON 1868-1945

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PREFACE

To the past and present Editors of the *Cambridge Review*, where much of the verse collected in this volume has appeared at intervals during the last twenty years, I owe more than a conventional acknowledgment of gratitude. I desire also to thank the Editor of the *Granta* and the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press for permission to include several pieces which seemed worth reprinting. Perhaps the Oriental translations, chiefly from the mystical and semi-mystical poetry of Persia, will make amends to some who think, as I do, that *desipere in loco publico* is a serious matter.

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TO V. H. R.

My friend, who (ah! not lately) wore
With me the blue of Trin. Coll., Cam.,
Ere you became an editor
Or I read Hafiz and Khayyam—
How unlike those dear friends we'd slam
Our doors on if we durst, the crew
We're damned to know and known to damn!—
I dedicate these rhymes to you.

Because they have mainly pleased you for
My sake, and pardoning all but sham
You count their merits by the score,
Reduce their faults to ounce and drachm;
Because you take me as I am
(Don, dervish, and dull bookworm too),
Because together we sank and swam,
I dedicate these rhymes to you.

LINES ON THE OPENING OF THE
MICHAELMAS TERM

AVE! once more together met
We raise our caps, O Camus!
And *morituri* (not just yet,
We hope) *te salutamus*.
Pale lie the leaves on summer's tomb,
But here spring reigns eternal.
Look! every college is abloom
With Freshers wholly vernal!

For them to-morrow—may it be
As full of dreams and glory
As once it dawned to you and me!—
But that's an ancient story.
And I have newer themes, to bite
My fancy, for a poem:
Oh, what a pæan I could write
On Dr Jackson's O. M.!

But you, my friends, who keep the law
Of terminal migration,
Whose faces last in June I saw
Converging to the Station;

And now creep home, like lads from play
 Recalled by harsh indentures—
 What have you all been doing, pray?
 Come, tell me your adventures!

For some of you have lounged on grass,
 And some have stalked on heather,
 And some have bagged the British Ass
 And Irish Bull together.¹
 Minerva, she that spoils the sport
 Of many a gay young rover,
 Cuts even a Tutor's frolic short:
 The Long Vacation's over!

¹ In 1908 the British Association met at Dublin.

BALLAD OF THE EXQUISITE BOUNDER

(TWENTY YEARS AFTERWARDS)

WHEN this old gown was new, I walked
With condescending mien,
And gems of culture, as I talked,
Lay scattered o'er the scene.
I sucked ethereal blooms of style,
And rich nepenthe drew,
I studied "nuance" in my smile,
When this old gown was new.

When this old gown was new, my lush,
My consecrated locks,
Uncombed, and virgin to the brush,
Fell half-way to my socks.
And oh, the illuminating hat,
Whose weird and mystic hue
Well harmonised with my cravat,
When this old gown was new!

When this old gown was new, I scaled
The peaks of Art, and lo,
They sent me down because I failed
To pass the Little-go!

“ But what is failure here ? Decide,
 O soul of mine ! ” “ The true,
 The only triumph,” she replied,
 When this old gown was new.

When this old gown was new, I cared
 For fig-leaves not a fig,
 Nor deemed it baldness in the bard
 To scorn the decent wig.
 Forgotten “ Juliets of a night,”
 Dear “ golden girls,” adieu !
 What rhapsodies I used to write,
 When this old gown was new !

When this old gown was new, I spake
 In large Olympian tones
 Of Cimabue and Caran d’Ache,
 Burne-Brown and Madox-Jones.
 Like Evangelicals from Mass
 From me the vulgar flew :
 I had the jaw-bone of an ass
 When this old gown was new.

THE LORELEI AT CAMBRIDGE

“A woman asked the coachman, ‘Are you full inside?’
Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said, ‘I
am quite full inside.’”

DEGREE or no degree—that question we males
Debate now, whether nobler 'tis to bear
The slings and arrows of outrageous females,
Or throttle virtue with a blind despair.
Oh, would that in the commonwealth were three males
Like me and like the laurelled Grecian pair,
Grand young Harmodius and Aristogeiton,
To fight and die and, dying, still to fight on!

The spirit of the age! Confounded nonsense!
I tweak your spirit's nose, I twist his tail.
I'm prejudiced in favour of a conscience,
I take the *Standard* with my pint of ale.
I think the unadulterated don's sense
Of liberty and justice will avail,
When silly women run amuck, to schedule 'em
High in the Honours List of classic Bedlam.

Alas, just at the crisis of our fate,
Stormed round with Revolution's angry tide,
We start from dreams to find the postern gate
Flung ope by henpecked patriots inside.
For in this University of late,
The home of Learning, Morals, and MacBride,
There have been made, the Registrary indicates,
Almost as many marriages as Syndicates.

A pious wag, whose name I've quite forgotten,
Once told me how Diogenes began
To wander through a state, like Denmark, rotten
With lighted candle, looking for a Man,
And how he bade the neighbours go to what in
Theology is "not without a plan."
Masters and Fellows with increasing progenies,
I gaze on *you* and can't much blame Diogenes.

NON PLACET! I reject the doom of Troy,
This wooden horse they're smuggling up the wall,
Which seems in truth a hollow harmless toy,
But if it chance on Humpty-Dumpty's fall
We may hear shrieks. Woman was never coy
By nature, and for man's good least of all.
"Put not your trust"—thus far my soul prophetic
quotes—
In Parliaments, Philosophers, or Petticoats!

BALLADE OF LOST GRACES

(On May 21st, 1897, a Grace admitting women to University Degrees was rejected by the Senate.)

WHERE is the bow Odysseus strung,
That none could bend but he, being old ?
Where are the lays that Sappho sung,
Where is the banner of Leopold ?
And where is she whose love cajoled
The noblest Roman of his race,
Cleopatra, in her barge of gold ?
But where, I wonder, is last week's Grace ?

The brand Excalibur was flung
Away by Bedivere the bold ;
Oblivion's wormy spoils among
The Moonstone hath a price untold.
Khawarnak is a barren wold,
And Nineveh a ruined place.
Where is the cup that Bahram trolled ?
But where, I wonder, is last week's Grace ?

Where are the belles so sprightly and young,
Who rouged and flirted and fanned and lolled?
Where are the beaux so ready of tongue,
Who sighed and ogled and drank and drolled?
God bless us all! their blood is cold;
Their silks and hoops and ruffles and lace
Are dust and ashes and crumbling mould.
But where, I wonder, is last week's Grace?

ENVOI

Prithee, sad Princess, be consoled.
Come, smile again, for in thy face
All living graces are enrolled.
But where, I wonder, is *last week's* Grace?

“ JE SUIS LA PIPE D'UN AUTEUR ”

AN author's pipe behold in me ;
My visage swart as e'er betrayed
Moorish or Abyssinian maid
Reveals the adept of high degree.
And should his breast o'erburthened be,
Then smoke I as, at evening shade,
The hearth where crackling logs are laid
For one who plods home wearily.

His spirit delicately enwound
I lap in nimble mazes blue,
And from my fiery mouth uproll
The herb that most is sovereign found
To charm his senses and subdue
The languor of his labouring soul.

BALLADE OF YOUNG AND OLD

He. WHEN Love sat crowned
Between us two,
When I was bound,
Nor free were you,
Who, tell me, who
The great among
My envy drew—
When I was young ?

She. Ere Time had frowned
On our love true,
Ere Maud was found
Less fair than Prue,
The tribe that woo
With sacks of gold
I scorned and flew—
Ere I was old.

He. How green the ground,
The skies how blue !
Soft arms around
My neck you threw.

I sighed adieu,
You sobbed and clung
And smiled anew—
When I was young.

She. Come, kiss me, do,
And leave untold
The tale of rue—
“Ere I was old.”

UNE CHOSE JUGÉE

LOVELY the scene, where ladies sit together,
Tea in each cup and truth in every tale,
Heedless of musty politics and weather,
Buzzing and smiling o'er the absent male.

Fortunate he, who in that hour of trial
Comes by his own or goes to doom unheard !
Fortunate he, who 'scapes the angry vial
And wins, like me, a laudatory word !

What have I done to wear this blushing honour,
How am I worthy of the Siren's song ?
Never did I shower compliments upon her,
Never did I avenge the Woman's wrong.

My mind is "all-embracing" and "colossal"—
She said it, and the foolish world may know.
Good Heavens ! do I "resemble an Apostle" ?
O Paul and Peter, have you sunk so low ?

Along with three or four obliging fellows
I help to model "her ideal Man";
Methinks, I'll bid them, just in case they're jealous,
Bear without me the burden—if they can.

Then at the next tea-party, I shall tumble
Flat as the idol in a ruined shrine.
Thus do our charming reputations crumble,
Changeless abides the Eternal Feminine!

CARMEN NOSTRAE UNIUIERSITATIS

EST qui collectis uiribus
uenatur sibi gloriam,
est qui, poeta perditus,
Parnasi captat lauream ;
hic dotem uolt uxoriam.
proh, stulti ! currite, comparate
cathedram professoriam
in nostra Uniuersitate.

non semper, credo, facimus
scientiae memoriam,
sed coena, poculum, uenus
uitam reducunt auream.
ut sol calentem sauriam
affixit muro, sic amate
sedem non transitoriam
in nostra Uniuersitate.

hic feriarum Zephyrus
negotiosum Borean
compellat, " O tu dedecus,
habe notam censoriam."

Fortunam pol nemo ream
uolt esse qui narret beate
ecclesiae historiam
in nostra Uniuersitate.

“ an expulistis Moriam ? ”
si quis rogabit, rex togate,
dic alta uoce, “ floream
in nostra Uniuersitate ! ”

BALLADE OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BAGDÀD where yet the memories old
Of many a Caliph haunt and cling,
Canopus and the stream that rolled
When Alrashid was revelling,
Afreet and Roc, Aladdin's ring,
Cadi and mutes and mild vizier—
All these to life your pages bring,
The East, the living East, is here!

A magic carpet I unfold
That soars and glides without a wing
Above a paradise of gold
Where silvery-bubbling fountains sing.
My princess pleads for me : the king
Frowns, "Dare he tempt what gallants fear?"
She sighs and pales and forth I spring—
The East, the living East, is here.

Or thro' hushed alleys thick with mould
I am haled away ; at last they fling
The kerchief from my face—behold
The strangled Giaour, a hideous thing !

Or seaward now my carracks swing,
Laden with spice and pearl : we steer
Past islands ever blossoming.
The East, the living East, is here.

ENVOI

Though mine were each melodious string
Of Zuhra's lute, each crystal sphere,
More sweet and strange and ravishing
The East, the living East, is here.

AD FELEM

(BEATISSIMUM, LUXURIAE AMANTISSIMUM, SAPIENTER
OTIOSUM)

ABU Hurairah! Father of the Kitten!
Persian thy name, but Caledonia thee
Nursed into contemplative eld unsmitten
By hurtling tile or canine cruelty.

Cushioned on sofas soft as sleep thou liest,
Dreaming, no doubt, of dinner or of tea;
For Epicurus claims thee as the slyest
Disciple of his own philosophy.

Gurbah! how blest art thou among thy fellows,
How far above the lot of such as me!
Time that all else doth canker only mellows
Thy most superlative placidity.

The cry of myriads, "Mayst thou live for ever!"
Lavished on Sultans is *deserved* by thee;
No heads from hapless shoulders *thou* dost sever,
On thieves alone thy paw falls heavily.

By sudden stroke thou surely shalt not perish,
But lapt in some delicious phantasy,
And thy remembrance one at least will cherish,
And one at least, sweet Gurbah, mourn for thee.

BALLADE OF ALMA MATER

BEHOLD ! there's one that fondly tells
Of London fogs and London flues,
Another sings delightful dells
Which ne'er have suffered tourist shoes ;
The poet dearly loves his Muse
(He harps on *her* ad nauseam),
We, more than all discerning, choose
This ancient city by the Cam.

Our Backs and bridges, bills and bells,
Our boats and bumps and bloods and Blues,
Our bedders, bull-dogs, and Bedells,
Our chapels, colleges, canoes,
Our dons and deans and duns and dues,
Our friends from Hayti and Siam
Tinge with kaleidoscopic hues
This ancient city by the Cam.

What tho' the catted river smells,
And makes a havoc 'mid the crews,
And what tho' every term compels
The reading of some seven *Reviews* ?

Let these and lesser ills excuse
The unpremeditated "D——n,"
Provided that we ne'er abuse
This ancient city by the Cam.

ENVOI

Henceforth as Culture's badge we'll use
A harrow rampant on a ham ;
For lo ! the gaping Hodge she woos,
This ancient city by the Cam !

BALLADE OF AGRICULTURAL DEGREES

THE hopeful undergraduate now
Shall live in Arcady the Blest,
He shall be coached to milk the cow,
To skim the cream, and scald the rest.
Examiners shall gravely test
His butter, fragrant of the byre ;
They'll munch his cheese and look depressed,
And he shall win his heart's desire.

He can't distinguish $\mu\eta$ from $\omicron\upsilon$,
He never construed *sum, es, est*,
But he has learned that sweat of brow
Makes life a joy and fate a jest.
And he has learned to clear the breast
Of all that cloudy thoughts inspire ;
He seeks no fabled Alcahest,
And he shall win his heart's desire.

When some plain theory of the plough
By horny Poll-men is professed,
When Tripos candidates know how
To treat mildew and rinderpest,

When the fierce youth who, people guessed,
 Would waken Shelley's long-hushed lyre
Lays on manure with feverish zest—
 We all shall win our heart's desire!

ENVOI

Athene, mourn from east to west
 Thy fanes despoiled of sacred fire.
Earth, solid earth, John Bull loves best,
 And he shall win his heart's desire.

ANOTHER "IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY"

(WITH NO APOLOGY TO CARDINAL NEWMAN)

Boots or Boötes, what's the odds?
Do you twit us with your heathen gods,
Your Shibboleths and Ichabods?—
A truce to puerility!
The ideal cherished on the Cam
(O superannuated sham!)
Must yield to that of Birmingham,
Utility.

The budding genius, when he sees
That *via* Greek come all Degrees,
He whistles scornfully and flees
With irreversibility.
Ah, yes! from Cambridge he departs
Unburdened by the liberal Arts,
To acquire in modern rival marts
Utility.

Homer and Co., decrepit guys,
Their dead hand heavy on us lies.

Things, real things, we recognise ;
 The rest is imbecility.
 In labs. and manuals we find
 A solid training for the mind
 And, with gymnastic well combined,
 Utility.

At leisure moments we survey
 For style, the Press ; for taste, Phil May ;
 For humour, *Punch* and Rudyard K.,
 And Caine for sensibility.
 These works are fairly up to date,
 They elevate, exhilarate,
 And will be found of very great
 Utility.

We have our wants, the Greeks had theirs :
 They turned out sophists to split hairs,
 Let us breed strenuous millionaires
 Of high respectability,
 Who will love Learning—if it pays,
 Who will endow us—if we praise
 The Spirit of these golden days,
 Utility !

VILLANELLE

PROFITONS des beaux jours : la fin qui sait ?
To-morrow's urn shakes out the last sad stone ;
Love, Wine, Song are in season with the May.

The butterfly sips honey on a spray
Of honeysuckle flowers newly blown :
Profitons des beaux jours : la fin qui sait ?

Since little books are best, as I hear say,
Burn all save the *Rubáiyát* alone :
Love, Wine, Song are in season with the May.

Song into silence hath a brief decay,
And wine untasted the fool deems his own :
Profitons des beaux jours ; la fin qui sait ?

Heaven to itself bids home the heavenly ray
Of love, when low the star lies, quenched and
 strown :
Love, Wine, Song are in season with the May.

O ye who in the green leaf or the grey
Sequestrate Life's irrevocable loan,
Love, Wine, Song are in season with the May ;
Profitons des beaux jours : la fin qui sait ?

BALLADE OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S WIFE

XANTHIPPE, wife of Socrates,
Was no unmitigated shrew ;
She loved a gay domestic breeze,
As dames of mettle fondly do.
She told her spouse a thing or two,
But he talked everybody mad.
Xanthippe, how I feel for you !
Oh, what a time you must have had !

Most men are fools, the world agrees ;
Most fools are men, Xanthippe knew.
She knew that " mind is a disease,"
Philosophers the queerest crew.
She stopped him with a stony " Pooh,"
But when his demon-fit grew bad,
She thumped him black, she thwacked him blue.
Oh, what a time she must have had !

Festooned by flute-girls, if you please
(For him the rose, for her the rue !),
He trolls a merry catch when he's
Not balancing the moral cue.

She sits and makes his old shirt new,
Plotting to keep him nicely clad
And pay the rent long overdue.
Oh, what a time she must have had!

ENVOI

And when he drained the hemlock-brew,
Xanthippe, were you vastly sad,
Or did the tears drop cold and few?—
Well, *what* a time you must have had!

TO ZOILUS

BE you, my critic *comme il faut*,
Smooth-tongued, sharp-witted.
JOHNSON, I grant you, was not so,
Who dumped, alike on friend and foe,
The cap that fitted.

To-day a milder orb illumes,
Sweetness expressing,
Our literary drawing-rooms :
Ferocity itself assumes
An air of blessing.

Oh, never call a spade a spade,
A yard a measure !
The bitterest truth can be conveyed
Politely, if one's not afraid
Of giving pleasure.

“QUISQUE SUOS PATIMUR AMICOS”

To one returning from a weary grind
By Trumpington and K. P., as of yore,
A sudden Presence (borne upon the wind
Its coat-tails, and methinks a beard it wore)
In grating accents trebly underlined
Proclaimed triumphant the Laborious Bore.

It talked to me of Matter and of Mind,
Of Kinglake and the whole Crimean War,
Appraised, evaluated, and refined
Madonnas by the dozen and the score,
Impi and Ibsen cunningly combined;
The Home Rule Bill had mastered, nor forbore

It rushed thro' Evolution and assigned
A short half-hour to Chopin and to Spohr;
It told me all about all things you find
From Madagascar unto Labrador,
And some of them I knew, and some opined,
And some of them I had not heard before.

The days degenerate of human-kind,
Dear pessimist, 'twere folly to deplore.
Homeric heroes, plunged in onset blind,
One glimpse of such a man had tumbled o'er;
But I—'tis midnight, and we met behind
St Mary's when the bells were chiming four!

“PERSICOS ODI——”

AWAY with gorgeous eastern shows !
No bouquet that bought flowers compose
Delights me ; for the winter rose

Let folly pine !

A myrtle wreath becomes the maid,
A branch of myrtle too will braid
The master, quaffing in the shade
Of his own vine.

TO MY CAT

No vulgar theme, no ragged starveling bough
Plucked from the way-side.
By that severe magnificence of brow
A royal race is thine, a king art thou,
O chrysoprase-eyed !

The sable founder of thy family tree
(Be not abashed then)
Abode in Memphis and, as all agree,
Was consecrated to the ministry
Of Ptah or Pasht then.

Nor him forget we, who with foes allied,
A bold not pert front
Opposing to the Egyptian, mortified
Amasis when his pale battalions spied
That snowy shirt-front.

And thou at least art undegenerate
From those thy fathers,
Yet hast a greener eye, genteeler gait ;
For they lived in the morning, now 'tis late
And twilight gathers.

We steer for port and tremble that each hour
 May disembark us ;
Thou sleep'st secure while angry tempests lour,
Thy meditations have an equal power
 With those of Marcus.

BALLADE OF THE IRRESPONSIBLE
REVIEWER

“ My book—you’ve read it ? ” “ Read it ! No,
That’s not the oar we critics ply,
But I reviewed it.” “ You ! ” “ Just so :
In the last number of the *Spy*.”
“ Monster ! you dared to call it dry.”
“ *Macte tuâ virtute puer !*
I wrap myself more gaily—I,
An irresponsible Reviewer.

Not mine with anxious labour slow
To straighten theories awry,
To marshal every con and pro,
To weigh plus x and minus y .
Let worthy pundits reason why
Until they’re blue as ink or bluer.
What recks it me ?—a Butterfly,
An irresponsible Reviewer.

What recks it me, whose columns grow
To Fancy’s music ?—Fancy shy,
And Humour making earnest show
Can build a castle in the sky,

38 BALLADE OF IRRESPONSIBLE REVIEWER

Where Truth herself is half a lie
Charming dull men to listen to her ;
Where no eternal facts defy
An irresponsible Reviewer.

ENVOI

Dear Momus, when you gibbet high
My geese upon a scornful skewer,
To blush, alas ! I vainly try—
An irresponsible Reviewer."

BALLADE OF THE PUTT THAT FAILED

THE winds are lulled asleep
 Beneath a laughing sky ;
The shepherd and his sheep
 How lazily they lie !
 Then wherefore do I sigh,
As tho' from mercy shut ?
 What makes me fain to die ?
I missed the something putt.

My partner leaped a leap
 That thrilled the standers-by,
My caddie—little sweep—
 Looked humorously sly,
 And I began to try
Apologetics, but
 They wouldn't listen why
I missed the something putt.

In situations steep
 Our poet of the sty ¹
Exhorts us still to keep
 Smooth brow and steady eye.

¹ Epicuri de grege porcum.

A task for me too high!
Divines may whisper "Tut";
I scorn to mollify:
I missed the *something* putt.

ENVOI

Hush, Prince! yet far and nigh,
Wherever holes are cut,
Echoes the same sad cry,
"I missed the something putt."

BALLADE OF THE IRRITABLE FOOZLER

“Nec mandat ultionem suam, sed ipse eius exactor animo simul
ac manu saeuit, carissimorum eorumque, quae mox amissa fleturus
est, carnifex.”

SENECA.

REGARD him well ! He stands where he hath stood
A weary while and struck, for all his pains,
This intricate appalling attitude,
The jest and cynosure of neighbouring swains.
He scoops, he jerks, he hammers. IT remains,
Tho' arm and tongue, tremendous powers, unite ;
Divots and worse are flying left and right ;
Half-awed, yet tickled to their heart's content,
The caddies shake in voiceless merriment,
God help them now, if they be heard or seen !
For labouring passion finds at last a vent,
The vengeful hickory hurtles o'er the green.

He strides away in sullen desperate mood,
Deaf to his partner's comfortable strains.
He'll play no more (the vow is thrice renewed),
He'll break his clubs to save some wretch's brains.
St Andrew winks at perjury. He regains

The cast-off weapon—Murder! what a smite!
 High soars the “guttie,” long unused to height.
 Now on his visage wrath and rapture blent
 Wage dubious war. But hush! await the event.
 See, full in front, there yawns the grim Ravine.
 Ah, Hell was ever easy of descent—
 The vengeful hickory hurtles o’er the green.

The sequel may be guessed at, not pursued
 Where Modesty resides and Virtue reigns.
 But oh, all ye whose imprecations rude
 Have made a blasted heath of happy plains,
 Read, I implore you, Alexander Bain’s
Emotions! If the moral fish won’t bite,
 Then cross the Channel, learn to be polite,
 Get maimed or married that ye may repent;
 Nay, think how many, young and innocent,
 Hang on your words and wonder what they mean,
 When like a flash of lightning, forked and bent,
 The vengeful hickory hurtles o’er the green!

ENVOI

Prince, tho’ you *are* an arbitrary gent,
 One touch of nature bids my soul relent:
 We poets too are troubled oft with spleen.
 In Life’s dull round, our little patience spent,
 The vengeful hickory hurtles o’er the green.

THE SENIOR'S ULTIMATUM

WHAT! and is this the end of all
The glorious lineage that began,
How long ago I scarce recall,
Back in the days of good Queen Anne?
Abolish Me! Yet some do swear
They smell no Revolution in our Cambridge air.

I fought my way to arduous fame
(Primed, latterly, by Webb and Routh),
And every year my new-blown name
Resounded in the nation's mouth.
I blushed and took unselfish pride
To see my *Alma Mater* blazoned far and wide.

But now, so nice have men become,
For victory we dare not strive.
Great Darwin's oracles are dumb,
The fittest shall no more survive.
Competing for the prize, it seems,
We might disturb each other's intellectual dreams.

The tender mathematic mind
So easily is led astray,
It must be cabined and confined
Far from the rude ambitious fray.
Henceforth let no "blue ribbon" vex
The pale disciple poring over y and x !

Beware, beware, O Graduates!
For I will haunt mine ancient seat,
Attend the Senate-House debates,
And visit, too, St Andrew's Street.
The Proctors at their nightly post
Will mutter "Heaven preserve us from the Senior's
Ghost!"

A BIRTHDAY EPISTLE

LAUGH, laugh away, while yet you may,
 There's music in the sound.
I too could laugh before to-day,
 Since when I've only frowned.
Have pity! I was once (I vow
 By this tear-blotted page)
A thoughtless fool like you, but now
 I'm thirty years of age.

Where are the golden skies of youth?
 Their gold is changed to lead.
I feel an aching wisdom-tooth,
 I want to break my head.
And see, mine eyes that strive to wink,
 Inexorably sage,
Let drop a melancholy blink:
 I'm thirty years of age.

Perchance I loved, perchance I wooed—
 Her name? Oh, let it pass!
C'est fini, that is understood;
 The devil take the lass!

A BIRTHDAY EPISTLE

Some many-dollared spinster soon
My prudence shall engage.
What! Wed for love! A pretty tune!
I'm thirty years of age.

Laugh, laugh away, while yet you may,
There's music in the sound.
Ere long to you the grisly day
Comes masquerading round.
Then you'll consult your glass and groan
With undissembled rage:
"Thirty! I'll never, *never* own
To thirty years of age!"

TO A GOLFING TIRO

AND *you* have taken up the game
Whereof, they say, a Saint the plan drew ;
He lived in Fife—his only name
(So much for History !) is Andrew.

You bid me—flattering, I am sure—
Advise you, but I hate advising ;
I'm just sufficiently mature
To do a little moralising.

Well, five and twenty years have been
Since old Tom taught us trembling youngers
To know the difference between
His sacred turf and common bunkers :—

A lesson you will find, tho' trite,
Easier, perhaps, to praise than practise,
For "hit" is oft an idle flight
Of fancy, "dig" a solemn fact is.

And you must learn a thing or two
Which try the temper most severely,
Such as "Slow back" and "Follow through"—
I mention these at random merely.

You'll scloff and top and slice and pull,
 And oh, the mutterings you'll mutter !
 But patience ! Keep your breath to cool
 The porridge served you by your putter.

For when you should be " dead," to roll
 Downhill for yards, alive and " merry"—
 Or when you're " lying" by the hole,
 Not to be " up"—is painful very.

" Say nothing," frankly I admit,
 Appears a counsel of perfection.
 I send a few plain words and fit
 That golfers use without objection.

.
 Behold how this imperial game
 Has swept away distinctions clannish !
 The speech of Bunkerdom's the same
 From Westward Ho ! to Machrihanish.

BALLADE OF GOING DOWN

Lo, of many days
Soon the last is here !
Doubtfully the ways
Part and disappear.
Time, old auctioneer,
Over stream and lawn
Clangs the burden drear,
Going—going—gone !

Ours no glistening bays,
No red-letter year ;
Only ours the praise
Of a Poll career.
Paley made us jeer,
Virgil made us yawn.
We who crammed them, we're
Going—going—gone !

We have joined in frays
When the coast was clear ;
We have helped to raise
Oft the frantic cheer.

Gaiety sincere,
Laughter lightly drawn
Are from us, we fear,
Going—going—gone!

ENVOI

Moralist severe,
May we dance till dawn,
Comrades old and dear
Going—going—gone?

THE PHILOSOPHER'S VALENTINE

“Man strives after nothing, wills, longs for, or desires nothing because he esteems it good, but on the contrary esteems that therefore as good which he strives after, wills, longs for, or desires.”

SPINOZA.

THAT Eye whereon did Phœbus look
And his own tarnished Beams revile,
That Lip whence Aphrodite took
Her sweetest Kiss, her softest Smile,
A winning Grace, a moving Air—
All these my Love hath lent unto thee ;
I woo thee not because thou'rt fair,
But thou art fair because I woo thee.

Nay, Phyllis, never quote the Glass,
Whose crime should earn a dusty Shelf ;
Perfidious Flatterer ! for, alas,
It teaches me thou lov'st thyself.
Tho' I against the World will swear
That none is equal, none above thee,
I love thee not because thou'rt fair,
But thou art fair because I love thee.

BALLADE OF THE B.A. CANTAB.

THREE years have flitted : happier years
A mortal scarce may hope to spend,
Unless he fall head over ears—
And Heaven knows how that will end !
Well, come what may, 'tis some amende
To have trod these quiet courts and seen
The river glide, the willows bend—
Oh, Cambridge memories ever green !

On Baccalaureate brows appears
Each fate so mystically penned,
To prophesy of their careers
One can't with confidence pretend.
Tho' diverse be the paths they wend,
Yet sweeter far than nicotine—
Pipe or Havana—is the blend
Of Cambridge memories ever green.

Think how, a Freshman with your peers
(Time to that view no charm need lend)
You moved in high Tutorial spheres,
Whence only oracles descend ;—

Which you neglected, O my friend,
For 'tubs' with merry chat between
And more than rhyme can comprehend
Of Cambridge memories ever green.

ENVOI

When Syndicates would rive and rend,
Come, like a god from the machine,
To vote *Non Placet* and defend
Our Cambridge memories ever green!

BALLADE OF THE GENIAL PRAGMATIST

BELIEVERS in the Absolute
Appear to me extremely rash,
Their flowers are innocent of fruit,
Their credit unimpaired by cash.
Like gauzy dragon-flies they flash
From holiday to holiday,
And when you pose them, off they dash!
What is it good for? Does it pay?

I sometimes feel myself a brute
For thrashing, as I'm bound to thrash,
The dapper little tender-foot
With my empiricistic lash.
But oh! he does make such a splash
Of bubbles, bubbles all the way.
Once more, to settle his old hash,
What is it good for? Does it pay?

My answer ends the whole dispute.
Truth *ante rem* is gone to smash,
But truths *in rebus* constitute
The cocktail in the calabash.

BALLADE OF THE GENIAL PRAGMATIST 55

Only, we must not let them clash
With what yields more per cent. than they.
Eternal Truth! Infernal trash!
What is it good for? Does it pay?

ENVOI

Facts come in spots, like nettle-rash,
And truth emerges when you say,
*"This works. It lubricates the mash.
It's good for something. It will pay."*

OMAR'S PHILOSOPHY OF GOLF

ANOTHER bottle! Pour, boy, pour!
Wallah! How many a thirsty swing
I swung till breath availed no more,
Then dashed my turban at the Thing

That stopped in every bunker dead,
But on the Green began to roll
As quick as tho' 'twere tenanted
By some mad Sufi's whirling soul.

Fill up the glass! In Hell we sink
To swim in Paradise anon.
Ah, what a glorious sea of Drink
Poor Golfers have embarked upon!

And pipe, my saucy knave, the tune
I heard you humming like a bee,
"The Man who lodges in the Moon
Came down from Heaven and played with me."

Sun, Moon, and Stars, *they* keep their line
Shot far and sure along the Sky.
Then wherefore goes this Ball of mine
So inconceivably awry?

Or does it, after all? Suppose
The Hand that goads it were the same
Which guides the Star! Perhaps it knows
Better than I the ancient Game.

BETRAYAL

WOE befall mine eyes that wept
The mystery out they should have kept !
Blessed be my tongue too brave
To unswear the pledge it gave !
Like was I unto an olden
Manuscript securely folden,
Full of unpermitted lore—
But alas, the blue and golden
Blabbing title ran before.

AD ROSALBAM

WEEP, weep, that roses wither,
 Wither and pass away,
Falling the wind knows whither,
 Strewing the bier of May.
The bier of May ! and must I then believe
 These lifeless ashes are the same
Full lamps of incense by whose light at eve
 My vestal Beauty came,
Fluttering, like a moth, around the enchanted flame ?

Ah, gentle-hearted maiden,
 Be pure and sweet and gay.
So, when thy lips no more are honey-laden
 And all thy roses clay,
 Thee death shall give
A memory white as theirs and far less fugitive.

A BEDOUIN IDYLL

(A.D. 550)

LOVE that well-nigh had ceased from welling,
Love rose high in my heart again,
For Sulaima, down in Arar dwelling,
When Taimar's rills were alive with rain.

Oh, I see thee, Kinâna's daughter,
And the howdahs in the mist of dawn
Sailing by, like ships on water
(They passed and thou wert gone !);
Like tall palms undeflowered,
For the sword of their clan is drawn,
Until their maiden
Boughs be laden
With ripe yellow bunches and lowered—
A wonder to look upon !
Proudly the sons of Rabda ride
At harvest-tide.

But the women those howdahs nestled,
More fair seemed they

Than statues, on marble chiselled,
Of Shukf in the valley where Shâjum
Foams to the Persian bay.
Safely fended,
Softly tended,
With pearls and rubies and beads of gold,
And gums of delicate odour in pyxes old,
Spicy musk and aloes and myrrh—
Sweet, oh, sweet is the breath of her
Who stole from thee, Sulaima, my love away.

The cord is cut asunder that tied me so true of yore,
When darting a covert eye to thy tent close-veiled
I saw thee and paled,
And trembled at the sight,
As one trembles who overnight
Drank deep, and in the morning his cup is filled
once more.

THE ROSE AND HER LOVERS

WHY, churlish Wind,
Wilt woo the Rose?
Breath thou'lt but lose,
Nor answer find.

Nay, an her scorns
Thou make a jest,
Go, beat thy breast
Upon her thorns!

O Philomel,
Whose song at even
Fills earth and heaven,
Thou lov'st her well!

Thy plaint she hears
Where low she lieth;
The sunbeam drieth
Her dewy tears.

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS

NAY, do not shallow call the bard who sings
For ever what men think and feel to-day,
And since the world began its custom'd way
Have thought and felt in common, boors and kings.
Sweet is the Muse, and clear the Muse's springs,
And sweet like her should be and clear as they
The poet's mind, Heaven in one liquid ray
Outpouring. Simplest thoughts are deepest things.

O proud Philosophy and subtle Wit,
New-fangled choristers, to sing unfit,
Me oftentimes you less divinely teach
Than melodies that back to youth again
Lead captive an old theme of joy or pain
And thrill the heart with its own mother-speech.

THE RIVER

THRO' miles and miles of barren loam
The river moves, as tho' asleep,
But far away, all light and foam,
Goes down with music to the deep.

So memories oft thro' busy years
The heart in silence bears along,
Till some diviner moment hears
The incommunicable song.

CHRISTMAS SNOW

No more the meadows waving green
Where Summer wooed the roses' blush,
No more the bloom of life is seen
On heath and brae, in herb and bush.
When beauty leaves the world so bare,
Must I too not indulge despair?

Oh, no! This pure celestial shroud
Is like the cradle-covering white
O'er sleeping child, or like a cloud
That creates dark, not quenches light.
Love made us blind, lest we should be
Secure of immortality.

TEMPLA SERENA

How shine the days, the years that lead
The wanderer to his life-long goal,
If but he knows himself indeed
One with his friend in heart and soul!

Nor to the west, nor to the east,
Like those wise men of old, he turns;
For worshipping he wants no priest,
The star within his bosom burns.

THE WAY OF THOUGHT

THE way of Thought is quicker far
Than sound's last thrill or light of star.
Soul touches soul thro' worlds between,
Sees without eye, and so is seen.

Yet while our senses dim and dark
Perceive not that ethereal spark,
The word, the symbol, and the sign
Must consecrate this thought of mine.

OUT OF THE GLARE

OUT of the glare and din I gladly pass
Beneath a leaf-arched alley by the brook.
Here would I stay,
Here would I couch my limbs in the cool grass
For ever and aye,
Enthralled to no unlingering sleep
That lightly steals a kiss and ere you look
Is flown away,
But such a Lethe, sombre, ocean-deep,
As gold nor tears nor sighs
Nor eloquence nor all-persuading love
Can make its own to keep the key thereof,
The magic key opening this door of dreams.

And there ! Already the glad vision dies.
Across my path quick streams
Of splendour burst above,
And I once more am in
The glare and din.

AMOR MYSTICUS

O NAMELESS Love, too high for lip or hand,
Inviolate, inaudible, unbeheld!

O fiery Sea, which o'er my sunk heart swelled
(O Sea whereof the world's a grain of sand!)
And triumphed with my blood that robber-band
Of purple waves guarding the silver-shelled
Rose-shadowed Pearl of price unparallel'd,
How far beyond all far from hope of land!

Heap agonies a thousandfold! 'Tis more
Than equal bliss to know, to feel thy meed
Of pleasure all-accomplished thro' my pain.
And do men pity me, with fevered brain
Wandering athirst, alone? Yet am I sure
The dream of Heaven at last makes Heaven indeed.

HAFIZ

WHERE the low-bent willow-boughs
Sleep along the sleeping lake,
Revellers nodding rosy brows
Home their way triumphal take.
Who is he that leads the throng,
Lending music to a song?

'Tis a simple air he sings,
But with so prevailing art,
Each vibration of the strings
Rings harmonious through the heart.
Like a wave at each rebound
Passion trembles into sound.

Nightingale of old Iran,
Haunt'st thou yet Ruknàbad's vale,
Dumbly marvelling that man
Now unqueens the nightingale?
Zuhra, mid the starry quire,
Hangs her head and breaks her lyre.

GHAZEL

GONE, O my love, my love, and all the grace of her,
Musk-blowing curls and moon-browed fairy face of
her!

Zephyr, in Beauty's garden dallying heavy-winged,
Away with me, and seek the hiding-place of her!
'Twas who but she bewitched a thousand holy men:
No wonder hapless I am charmed in chase of her.
Her glance leaps golden-footed among the pines, her
voice

Nightingales jangle; nothing lacks a trace of her.
O tyrant Love, I climb the desperate verge, but thou
Lock'st up in cloud and rain the bright embrace of
her.

SINCE THOU ART GONE

SINCE thou art gone, I lift my hands in prayer
To win relief from care, since thou art gone.
My cheek is wan, I am sick to death, but where
Draw solace, whither fare, from thee withdrawn?
O bright-eyed fawn, my innocent heart's betrayer,
Come, come back to the snare, O bright-eyed fawn.

If e'er my lips arraigned thy love, 'tis past ;
Clear shines the sun o'er cast of love's eclipse.
A sail in strips I saw, a shattered mast,
Now winter safe and fast the weary ships.
Tho' swift as dips the swallow death is past,
I fain would die at the last, love, on thy lips !

“MIHI EST PROPOSITUM IN TABERNA
MORI”

FAREWELL the cloister, and farewell
The gaberdine of blue!
My tongue must now turn infidel,
Dipped in the flagon's dew.
Yon willow stooping to the wave
His thirsty branches round
Murmurs a benediction grave
On the cup with roses crowned.

Too seldom Hope's ambitious lance
The sunny target cleaves,
And sweet youth fades and pleasures dance
Away like autumn leaves.
Then take thy fortune at the pitch
Or be unworthy found.
What Indian dreams are half so rich
As a cup with roses crowned?

LOVE IN ABSENCE

SHE is gone, my Beloved, and rent like a rose-leaf the
garment of love ;

God forbid I should e'er be content that a rival inherit
her throne !

I will weep not nor idly lament : there is no such
rapture above

As when Love, light of heart, bow unbent, out of
battle returns to his own.

She has buried the sun, cruel thief, from my day and
the moon from my night ;

Lo, my laughter is hollow and brief and remembrance
a sword to destroy.

Yet I know that in darkness of leaf lurks the fruit
ever-golden of light,

And the triumph of desolate grief is a fountain of
hope and of joy.

In the forest I followed her shade, and her echo I
heard on the hill,

In the garden of Beauty I strayed and the breath of
her going I knew.

Let them whisper, "Thy love is betrayed," for they
lie, for I loved and love still :

True and false are as phantoms that fade in the soul
of the Fair and the True.

SAKI, PASS THE CUP

SAKI, pass the cup and pour,
Pour me out the balmy drink!
Love, who seemed so light of yore,
Underneath his load I sink.

Quoth mine ancient Guide, who knows
Every inn upon the way:
“ Well for you, if purple flows
O'er the carpet as ye pray ! ”

Zephyr, quick ! blow loose the knot
Of my Sweetheart's tangled hair !
'Tis the heart of all the plot
Laid against my life, I swear.

Sea and storm and dead of night,
Mid the whirlpool's ghastly roar:
Ah, what know they of our plight,
Happy children on the shore ?

In this mansion of Farewell
Pleasure, ere it comes, is gone,
Where a never silent bell
Tolls, “ Arise and journey on ! ”

Hafiz, tired of blame and praise,
If thy spirit longs for rest,
Leave the world and all its ways,
Clasp the Loved One to thy breast!

HAFIZ

VISION

MY soul is the veil of his love,
Mine eye is the glass of his grace.
Not for earth, not for heaven above,
Would I stoop; yet his bounties have bowed
A spirit too proud
For aught to abase.

This temple of awe, where no sin
But only the zephyr comes nigh,
Who am I to adventure within?
Even so: very foul is my skirt.
What then? Will it hurt
The most Pure, the most High?

He passed by the rose in the field,
His colour and perfume she stole.
O twice happy star that revealed
The secret of day and of night—
His face to my sight,
His love to my soul!

HAFIZ

LIBER AMORIS

THE writing on the pages of the Rose
(For readers are not all interpreters)
Only the Nightingale may understand.

I whispered to my soul apart : “ Suppose
Thy throne o’ercanopied the Universe—”
“ Love, Love endures; the rest is glittering sand.”

O Love, requiring thee whoever goes
To the world’s end, goes farther and fares worse.
For him no face-to-face nor hand-in-hand!

HAFIZ

ASPIRATION

HAPPY the day when I, no more
Within this ruined house a guest,
Shall go forth seeking peace of soul
On the loved Soul's breast !

Tho', well I know, the stranger's path
Never leads home, not in despair
Will I pursue the scent dream-blown
Of thy scattered hair.

March I will—from sorrow free
Let me but once in a lifetime win—
Singing gleefully all the way,
To the door of the Inn.

For, O my Love, in desire of Thee
I reel and dance like a mote up-driven
To the very brink of the flaming fount
Of the sun in Heaven !

HAFIZ

TROLL THE BOWL

DRINK to-day and thirst to-morrow,
Lest to-morrow ne'er be thine.
Smoothe the wrinkled brow of sorrow
With a cup of rosy wine.
Kai and Kaous—where be they?
Perchance in this oblivious clay.

Gentle boy, with eyes of jet,
Fly—thou know'st the Guebre's door—
Bid mine host a flagon yet
Carry to the same old score.
Let cloak follow turban! I
Sooner will go bare than dry.

Fill and pass the foaming glass!
I was branded in the womb,
Out upon me and alas,
Drunkard till the day of doom.
Heaven confound with melancholy
The fool that never courted folly!

HAFIZ

THE WINE OF LOVE

'TWAS the birthday of the world this famous carouse
began.

Devotion, piety, faith ! and I so richly decayed !
Tho' Love's strong wine hath wasted and left me a
broken man,
I build immortal life on the ruin that Love hath made.

Washed in the fountain of Love, that moment I took
farewell,
Farewell for ever, of earth and sky and the sum of
things.

Fill me a cup once more ! Fate's mystery I will tell,
Whose face enravished my soul, whose scent gave
my spirit wings.

HAFIZ

SEMPER IDEM

Love's hidden pearl is shining yet,
And Love's sealed casket bears the same device
As it bore of old ;
The tears with which mine eyes are wet
Roll, as yesterday they rolled,
Roll, as they shall roll to-morrow,
Fraught with blood of sacrifice,
From the same fountain of eternal sorrow.

Ah, could my heart but speak
Or thou divine
What passion-flower is this
That lent its colour to those lips of thine !
What ruby blushes o'er thy lovely cheek,
Dreaming of the sun's warm kiss
In the darkness of the mine !
Ah, could my heart but speak
Or thou divine !

HAFIZ

THE WORLD'S LURE

Ho there ! Wine ! Hope's castle high,
Piled on sand, comes toppling down.
Brim the bowl and never sigh,
Life's a breath that soon is blown.

Yestereve with cheeks flushed warm,
Reeling thro' the tavern-door—
Dare I say ?—an Angel-form
Beckoned me across the floor :

“ Falcon of the soaring eye,
What dost thou in this low den ?
Hark, thou art whistled for. O fly,
Perch on Heaven's dome again ! ”

Set no trust, my Sage gives warning,
In the World : old witch, she lures
Thee to love, herself adorning
For a thousand paramours.

HAFIZ

ETERNAL BEAUTY

O BEAUTY worshipped ever
With what sweet pain and joy !
Hid from the world's endeavour,
But seen by Spirit's eye !

Alike in mosque and tavern
Thou art my only thought ;
The hermit in his cavern,
He seeks what I have sought.

Belov'd, unveil the splendour
Of all the skies and spheres—
Let thy moon-face so tender
Swim through my starry tears !

HAFIZ

A SPRING SONG

NEVER is wine
Sweet but in spring ;
Cypresses dance
When nightingales sing.

Houris red-cheeked
Are Eden's whole bliss,
Rosy limbs to clasp,
Sugar lips to kiss.

Let Fancy create
Forms of beauty divine.
Love, what are they ?
Shadows of thine.

Gift I have none
That for thee is meet,
Else would I strew
My soul at thy feet !

HAFIZ

THE GIPSY MAID

SOFT ruby lip that I
To kiss would pagan die,
Fair ivory brow above
Dark eyes long lashes shade—
My star hath sold me to the love
Of a gipsy maid.

All the rich sweets brewed up
From out the rose's cup
Are but one breath of her.
Me do not harshly doom
To banishment, O Gardener!
For, if I wept not, would thy roses bloom?

HAFIZ

AFTER RAMADAN

FETCH me wine! for the Fast-month is o'er,
Name and fame are in season no more.
Dost thou hear? On this bench, soon and late,
For a drop of thy liquor I wait.

Too long I have burned in the fire
Of repentance and barren desire.
O the smell of the grape!—Jesu's breath
To my soul—it revives me from death.

Let me drink, let me haste to make up
Precious time spent away from the cup,
Drink till Fancy knows nothing about
What comes into her head or goes out!

Proud monk, spare me homilies, pray!
I from virtue am far, far astray.
Yes; but Heav'n to which thou hast no key
Opens wide to poor sinners like me.

HAFIZ

NOT OF MYSELF

OFt I have said,
And now once more I say,
Not of myself I tread
With heart enravishèd
This Way;
But, as a parrakeet,
Seeing in the glass its plummy counterfeit,
Is taught to mock the hidden voice it heard,
So I repeat
The eternal Master's lesson, word for word.
Whether I be rose or thorn,
I grow beneath the Gardener's fostering hand
Who nobly doth adorn
The garden which He planned.
Friends, blame not me, a wildered crazy lover !
I own a pearl of price, but none can it discover.

HAFIZ

RAPTURE

THE calm circumference of Life
When I would fain have kept,
Time caught me in the tide of strife
And to the centre swept.

Of this fierce glow which Love and You
Within my breast inspire,
The Sun is but a spark that flew
And set the heavens afire !

HAFIZ

THE RELIGION OF LOVE

MORTAL never won to view Thee
Yet a thousand lovers woo Thee ;
Not a nightingale but knows
In the rosebud sleeps the rose.

Love is where the glory falls
Of Thy face : on convent walls
Or on tavern floors the same
Unextinguishable flame.

Where the turban'd anchorite
Chanteth Allah day and night,
Churchbells ring the call to prayer,
And the Cross of Christ is there.

HAFIZ

THE BLEEDING HEART

Lo, mine head upon the sill
Of thy palace-door I lay.
Now come o'er mine head what may,
So it be thy loving will!

Zephyr, canst thou tell in brief
Wherefore is my heart again
Crumpled in red folds of pain,
Like the bud-enfolding leaf?

Ah, it bears an ancient brand—
Even such as Love's own crest,
Blazoned on the tulip's breast
By the same eternal Hand.

HAFIZ

THE NIGHTINGALE'S LAMENT

A NIGHTINGALE, uplifting in his beak
A petal of the Rose,
Such bursting sobs of harmony outpoured
That I, tho' loth to speak,
Asked, "Why, so blest with love's reward,
Dost thou complain of woes?"
And he, "I needs must wail;
'Tis Beauty without veil
Awakes in me
This ecstasy."

O happy Bird! I would thy fate were mine,
Drunken with love's new wine
To nestle in the bosom of bliss
And die to all but this.
But when the Sultan passeth in his state
The beggars at the gate,
They cry to him unheard,
Stretch up their hands unseen,
Being, to his high majesty, too mean
For look or word.

HAFIZ

THE POET TO HIS CENSOR

BLAME not us wild rogues and gay,
As if *our* score *thou* must pay.
Saint or sinner, every one
Reaps at last what he hath sown.
Am I given to wine or prayer?
Pardon, that is my affair.
If I from virtue fell to vice,
My father lost a Paradise.
Thou who bidst me hopeless be
Of God's predestined charity,
Dost thou know behind the Veil
Who laughs in bliss, who weeps in bale?
Drunk or dry, the world entire
Hath one Object of desire.
Whether to mosque or church we come,
Love is everywhere at home.
On the tavern's lintel now
Resteth my devoted brow.
Kneel thou too, O critic dull,
And knock some wits into thy skull!
Cup in hand let Hafiz die,
Straight to Eden he will fly!

HAFIZ

NUNC EST BIBENDUM

BIRDS are piping on the boughs, the Zephyr blows
a valentine

To the Vintner, "Luck, old fellow! may you soon
have sold your wine!"

Listen, for to me this morning whispered low a
heavenly voice,

"'Tis the season of enjoyment: come, make merry
and rejoice!"

What, I wonder, to the Lily said the love-lorn
Nightingale,

That with all her golden tongues she cannot tell the
mystic tale?

We jolly brethren of the grape let none profane our
feast;

Saki, cover up the flagon! Here he comes, the
canting priest.

I will sing you songs again and you will wreath my
head,

But stay, good Angel, stay till cursèd Ahriman be
fled.

Cloister, fare thee well! The Tavern calls me—
there will I reside,
Washing down with honest liquor fumes of cant and
airs of pride.

HAFIZ

THE DERVISH

PURE wine and fair women
Are pits on the way
To inveigle the wisest
Who are moulded of clay.

Am I a wild lover,
A black-listed sot ?
My friends in the city
Bear names without spot.

Oh, enter devoutly
The tavern! This ring
Of toppers that haunt it
Have ear of the King.

Despise not the dervish
Whose throne is the ground,
The emperor swordless,
The monarch uncrowned !

THE DERVISH

Beware ! When high bloweth
The wind of disdain,
Whole stacks of obeisance
Are worth not a grain.

HAFIZ

PLAIN DEALING

HE worships at the shrine of Love
Who knoweth his Beloved's heart.
Who wants this lore can but reprove
And play the critic's sorry part.

O blame me not that I revealed
My heart with rapture indiscreet !
Thank God, no longer 'tis concealed
In muffling folds of self-conceit.

A tattered dervish-frock was mine,
Ten thousand sins beneath it dwelt ;
I pawned my frock for harp and wine,
But still I wore the Magian belt.

The Sufis fetched their mantles down,
Mine stays to pay mine Host his debt.
Their frolic passed scot-free, the town
With *my* misdeeds is ringing yet.

HAFIZ

CARPE DIEM

WISE men! beware of dealing
In Life's vast house of trade;
'Tis packed, from floor to ceiling,
With goods of Nothing made.

Come, while on shore we linger,
O Saki, let not slip
An hour of Time whose finger
Points out to yon dark ship.

Laugh like the rose! What matter,
This month of fragrant eves,
Tho' autumn's blast shall scatter
Our unregarded leaves?

A Paradise of pleasure
Bought with a world of pain—
Fie on the luckless treasure
That I must bleed to gain!

HAFIZ

SELF-ABANDONMENT

O FOOL who stepp'st not forth from Nature's palace,
How canst thou ever win to Truth's abode?
The sovereign Beauty, tho' unveiled, thou seest not
Until thou lay the dust upon the road.

The rose of thy desire will blossom only
When thou canst bless her like the morning dew.
March bravely on to where Love bids thee welcome,
Long is the journey, but 'tis gainful too.

Beg at the tavern-door! That rare elixir
Sublimes to gold the earth it touches—yes;
But ah! whilst Love and Wine employ thy wishes,
Dream not of any baser business!

HAFIZ

IN VINO VERITAS

TILL the scent of wine is forgot and the tavern buries
its sign,
I fling me in headlong worship before the Maker of
wine.

I have served Him ere the beginning of Time that
never began,
I shall serve Him ages and ages beyond the vision of
man.

Pass not my tomb so proudly ! A blessing waits on
thy prayer,
For the whole generation of toppers will flock to pil-
grimage there.

Bitter they call thee, child of the grape, and load thee
with shames,
But to me thou art sweeter than kisses, thy name is
the sweetest of names.

One, perhaps, with a scrupulous beard hath folly to
wife ;
'Tis we bacchanalian sinners unlock the magic of life.

Happy, thrice happy, who cannot tell at loving-cup's
close

Whether head on the threshold or whether turban he
throws!

I knocked at Virtue's gate, but they drove me away
in scorn.

Is Hafiz to blame, or the ruling star when Hafiz was
born?

HAFIZ

LOVE'S PICTURE

WHEN China's lovely idols o'er
Thy beauty pondered, in amaze
They limned the tale on wall and door
For every passer-by to praise.

Sick of despair doth ever pine
The proud narcissus, whose intent
Was but to ape thy love-sick eyne
With forcèd looks of languishment.

HAFIZ

THE SOLEMN LOVE

My love rased out of books revealed before
The verse of Passion, whose great host obey
Me, and my will is law the wide world o'er.

For each bold loving knight I lead the way,
Save only him who lendeth ear to blame ;
He is not of us, nothing to him I say.

Peerless my skill in love. Be dunce the name
Of such as want love's learning ! Who nor glows
Nor glories in his bondage—cry him shame !

Lavish your paltry gold ! The lover throws
His life into the hazard without care.
If Heaven a secret in his breast repose,

A secret too divine for tongue to bear,
The grave is not more silent than his breast ;
And ready is he to die from very fear

At threat of parting ; eager he to test
The doom of slaughter if She bid them slay.
Oh, this, meseemeth, is the true, the best,
The solemn love. All other is but jest.

IBN AL-FARID

LOVE IN THE DESERT

HALT beside the vernal homestead, halt awhile, O
cameleer !

I would see the fair gazelles that haunt the valley,
see or hear.

If I cannot hear their voices and their view is veiled
from me,

Then what need is mine of eye, or what use have
I of ear ?

IBN AL-FARID

MORS JANUA VITÆ

I LOVE a Fawn whose love my heart hath fed,
And O, how kind, even when for her it bled !
I asked, " When I am dead of sorrow, Lady,
Will union be ? " Said she, " When thou art dead. "

IBN AL-FARID

LOVE'S SACRIFICE

Go, greet my kinsmen and of me report,
Who am counted yet alive, this news in short :
Say, " Passion and desire your votary slew,
His life he gave and asked no wages for 't."

IBN AL-FARID

HASAN OF BASRA

WHEN saints might whisper in a sultan's ear
And naked dervishes were kings uncrowned,
Hasan of Basra came to the Vizier
(Hasan, for piety afar renowned),
Who entertained him fittingly, and round
The carpet as they talked, " Good sir," quoth he,
" To-morrow, pray you, ride afield with me ;
It shall be worth your pains, if I have judgment
 sound."

So ere the Sun drew forth his scimitar
Of orient fire and shook his golden shield
Against the pale front of the morning-star,
Those two were up betimes and rode afield ;
And ever on they rode till noon revealed
A tent amid the level richly dight :
Satin the dome, the awnings satin white,
And to each silver peg a silken cord was sealed.

And round about the tent there moved a throng
Of armèd men in solemn order classed,
Chanting with voices low a mournful song,
As it to Hasan seemed, the while they passed.

And after them with heavy looks downcast
The sages of the realm advanced, and they
Compassed the tent about and said their say,
Then, like the others, turned and disappeared at
last.

And now a virgin choir he did behold,
The loveliest in the land, approach the tent,
Laden with baskets full of gems and gold,
Who round about in slow procession went.
But lo! the Sultan, even he hath rent
His robe of cramoisie. With humble mien
He waves the curtain back and passes in :
He, too, will have his say, until the hour is spent.

Much Hasan marvelled what this pomp should be,
Whom the Vizier thus answered : “ O Signor,
The Sultan had a son, how fair was he !
His virtue matched his beauty, in peace he bore
The palm of wit, of bravery in war.
Alas, this fair young prince, his father’s all,
Like to a lily rudely snapt did fall ;
No help in medicine was the ravage to restore.

’Neath yonder tent he lies, and every year
They come to greet him ; and the soldiers say :
‘ Could arms defend thee, O Shâhzâda dear,
Full blithely had we fought our lives away

To keep thee from thy foe but, lackaday,
 Here club and lance avail not anything.'
 The sages murmur: 'Knowledge might we bring,
 If knowledge in this pass did more than ignorance
 weigh.'

'Beloved Prince'—the maidens then repeat—
 'Our wealth, our love, our beauty, all were thine,
 Which we had scattered down before thy feet,
 If toys like these could move the Judge Divine.'
 The Sultan cries: 'O darling son of mine,
 Thou seest there is no help in all my sway.
 Power, Wisdom, Wealth and Beauty—what are
 they?
 Light of thy father's eyes, farewell! I thee resign.'

And Hasan (tells our faded manuscript),
 So touched at heart was he by the sad tale,
 Spoke not a word, and from the palace slipt
 And wandered day and night o'er hill and dale,
 And in a desert drear, beyond the hail
 Of man, abode. Never (the history saith)
 Smiled he but once, upon the stroke of death,
 But feared the doom of God and served Him without
 fail.

THE *GULISTÂN* (ROSE-GARDEN) OF SAADI

IN vain thou fillest a bowl with roses ;
From my Rose-garden carry a leaf.
This blooms for ever, the reign of those is
Brief.

THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH

O NIGHTINGALE, learn of the moth to love,
That shrivels in the flame without a sigh.
They know not Thee, whom they pretend it of ;
Who knows indeed, knows nought eternally.
Beyond imagination Thou dost move,
Higher than all is said, writ, heard of high ;
And so when life has ebbed and we depart,
The first poor line of Thee is all our art.

SAADI

LAST WORDS

MARCH! march! the drums of death are
beating—

Eyes, bid the skull adieu for ever!
Hand, wrist, and arm, break up your meeting;
A long farewell, and so dissever!
Pass, friends, in pageant melancholy,
Me fallen thus low, the sport of foemen.
My days and nights I gave to folly:
Oh, heed—I heeded not—the omen!

SAADI

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST

EACH moment steals a breath of life once more,
And few, I see, are now remaining o'er.
What! Fifty years by lethargy possessed!—
Yet may'st thou realise the fleeting rest.
Shame on the unready traveller, who is racked
When drum-call finds him with his load unpacked,
Or, tho' his journey might have been begun,
Lies fast asleep beneath the rising sun.
Successive mortals each a fabric build,
And vacant leave to others what they filled;
In turn those others like ambition fires,
But none, at last, accomplished his desires.
Ah, dote not on the world—the treacherous jade
To merit true affection is not made.
How transitory is peace among the four
Unbridled humours, with themselves at war!
And if so be that one the mastery win,
Up flies the fair soul to her heavenly kin.
Can wise hearts ever take the world to wife?
Can pure minds linger in the embrace of life?
Since good with evil must go down to earth,
Happy are they who shine in modest worth.

Oh, send provision for the life to come
(For none will bring it after) to thy tomb!
Good man, be not deceived. Like summer snow
Thy days are melting—thou hast few to go;
And if to market empty hands thou bear,
Thou'lt fetch no turban home, alas, from there.
Who eats his corn while yet the blade is green,
At harvest he a crop of husks will glean.
To Saadi's counsel lend a heedful ear.
Such is the way. Step forward! Never fear!

SAADI

THE HEAVENLY CUPBEARER

HE comes, a moon whose like the sky ne'er saw,
awake or dreaming,
Crowned with eternal flame no flood can lay.
Lo, from the flagon of thy love, O Lord, my soul is
swimming,
And ruined all my body's house of clay !

When first the Giver of the grape my lonely heart
befriended,
Wine fired my bosom and my veins filled up,
But when his image all mine eye possessed, a voice
descended :
“ Well done, O sovereign Wine and peerless Cup ! ”

Love's mighty arm from roof to base each dark abode
is hewing
Where chinks reluctant catch a golden ray.
My heart, when Love's sea of a sudden burst into
its viewing,
Leaped headlong in, with “ Find me now who may ! ”

As, the sun moving, clouds behind him run,
All hearts attend thee, O Tabrîz's Sun !

EMANATION AND EVOLUTION

POOR copies out of Heaven's original,
Pale earthly pictures mouldering to decay,
What care altho' your beauties break and fall
When that which gave them life endures for aye ?

O never vex thine heart with idle woes !
All high discourse enchanting the rapt ear,
All gilded landscapes and brave glistening shows
Fade—perish, but it is not as we fear.

While far away the living fountains ply,
Each petty brook goes brimful to the main.
Since brook nor fountain can for ever die,
Thy fears how foolish, thy lament how vain !

What is this fountain would'st thou rightly know ?
The Soul whence issue all created things.
Doubtless the rivers shall not cease to flow
Till silenced are the everlasting springs.

Farewell to sorrow, and with quiet mind
Drink long and deep ; let others fondly deem
The channel empty they perchance may find,
Or fathom that unfathomable stream.

The moment thou to this low world wast given,
 A ladder stood whereby thou might'st aspire ;
 And first thy steps, which upward still have striven,
 From mineral mounted to the plant ; then higher

To animal existence : next, the Man
 With knowledge, reason, faith. O wondrous goal !
 This body, which a crumb of dust began,
 How fairly fashioned the consummate whole !

Yet stay not here thy journey ! Thou shalt grow
 An angel bright and home far off in Heaven.
 Plod on, plunge last in the great Sea, that so
 Thy little drop make oceans seven times seven.

“The Son of God !” Nay, leave that word unsaid ;
 Say, “God is One, the pure, the single Truth.”
 What tho' thy frame be withered, old, and dead,
 So the soul save her fresh immortal youth ?

JALALU'DDIN RUMI.

“ I AM OWNER OF THE SPHERE ”

Lo, for I to myself am unknown, now in God's name
what must I do ?
I adore not the Cross nor the Crescent, I am not a
Giaour nor a Jew.
East nor West, land nor sea is my home, I have kin
nor with angel nor gnome,
I am wrought not of fire nor of foam, I am shaped
not of dust nor of dew.
I was born not in China afar, not in Saksîn and not
in Bulghâr ;
Not in India, where five rivers are, nor Irâk nor
Khorâsân I grew.
Not in this world nor that world I dwell, not in
Paradise, neither in Hell ;
Not from Eden and Rizwân I fell, not from Adam
my lineage I drew.
In a place beyond uttermost Place, in a tract without
shadow of trace,
Soul and body transcending, I live in the soul of my
Loved One anew !

JALALU'DDIN RUMI

THE WAY HOME

WHY wilt thou dwell in mouldy cell, a captive, O
my heart?

Speed, speed the flight! a nursling bright of yonder
world thou art.

He bids thee rest upon his breast, he flings the veil
away:

Thy home wherefore make evermore this mansion of
decay?

O contemplate thy true estate, enlarge thyself, and
rove

From this dark world, thy prison, whirled to that
celestial grove.

O honoured guest in Love's high feast, O bird of
the angel-sphere,

'Tis cause to weep, if thou wilt keep thy habitation
here.

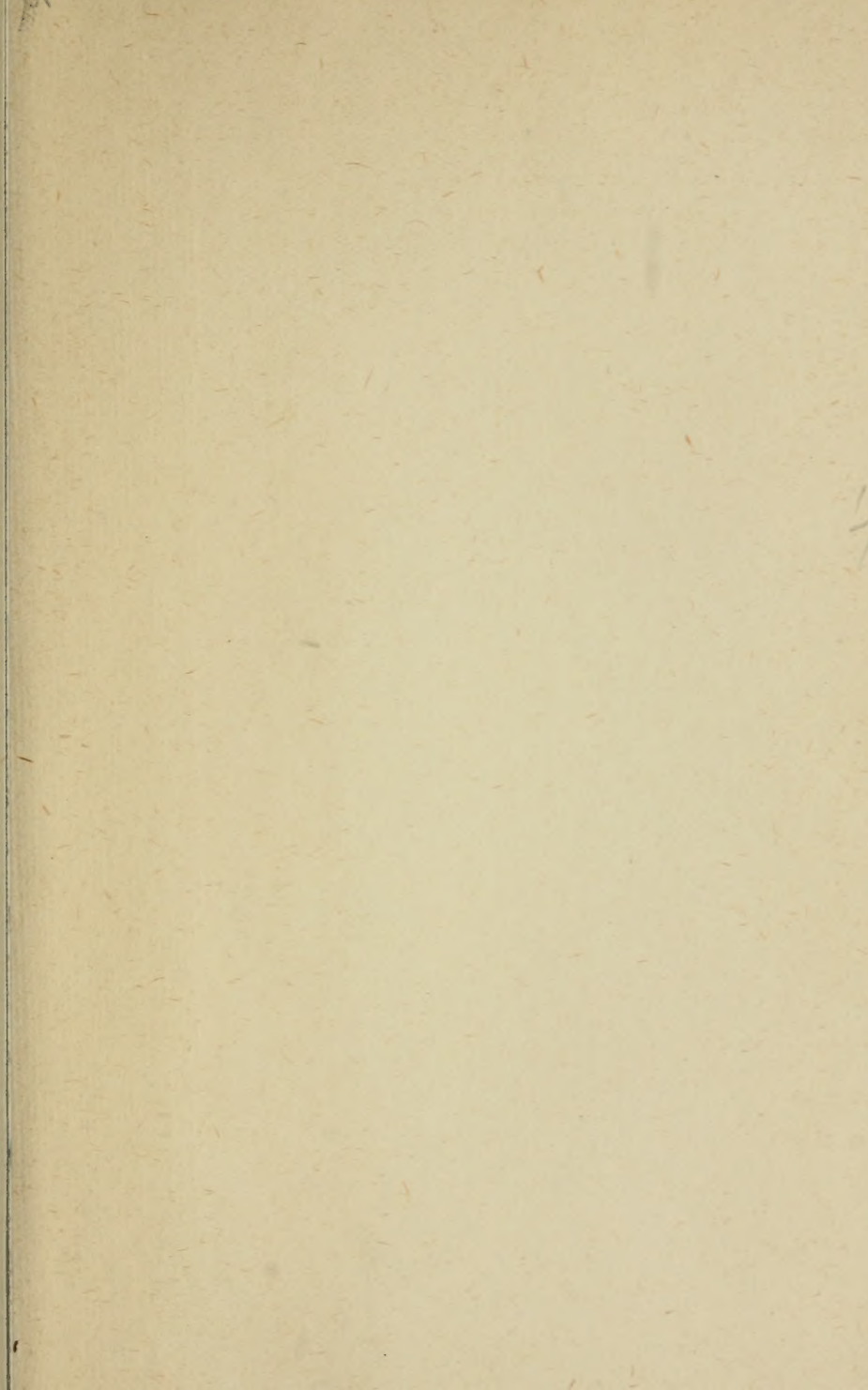
A voice at morn to thee is borne—God whispers to
the soul—

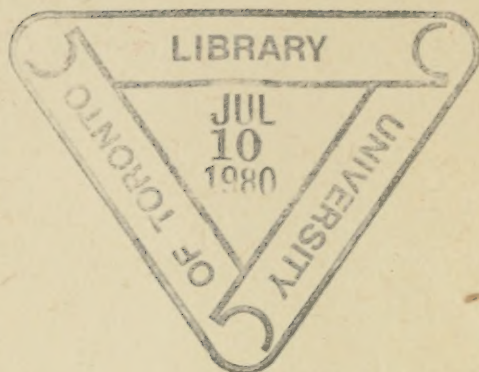
“If on the way the dust thou lay, thou soon wilt
gain the goal.”

That road be thine toward the Shrine! and lo, in
bush and briar,
The many slain by love and pain in flower of young
desire,
Who on the track fell wounded back and saw not,
ere the end,
A ray of bliss, a touch, a kiss, a token of the Friend.

JALALU'DDIN RUMI

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